Jollies: Dorothy L. Richardson is producing another: a man from America
a third. All this mean to me a kind of jam & jalouty &
talking about my husband, mother, father. Dog wheels )
breathe. But I should love to read you on other people.
My brother is still enamoured & deluded & is getting up
a weekly Club, for the purpose of meeting his very dull lady.
I am subscribing 2/6 for this reason. We have to go to Tunbridge
Wells next week to spend the night with him, & I hope to
Go round by way of Canterbury, as a spree. But hastily I'm
just in Adrian's inner Confidence, & We shall talk about
boats & Dogs. So am not I & Death
What good letter you wrote — always: but specially &
Considerate - I'm better than me in 10 minutes: 3 days ago
I would have taken Bo. so I'm
cured V.

Monks Horton.
~~65~~ 7th Sept
1932

Yes I am a wretch never to write letters, but, considered carefully, this is a compliment, because if I felt I had to write it would mean that you were one of those horrid old bores who expect answers (Oh there's such a pile of them on my table.) Your adventures ~~just~~ fill me with horror — of course everybody changes when they get to Brighton: even I. I know that, & do it by light of ~~the~~ instinct. But then I should have cracked the stand over the head with Stow's thick umbrella — & so solved the question of having stolen the London — because I should have killed the stand & broken the umbrella. I like to think of myself doing these violent acts, while I mild & timid Ethel sits a cup of tea in a restaurant. You seem to be as busy as a girl in her first season — fancy about conducting. Does it mean — if so you want about it — that fame, or not fame — mere vulgar success, has at last crowned your bald head? (metaphorically speaking. You are bald: according to Ethel's version of Ethel, not a single laurel leaf has ever grown there: & like the Polican she has plucked out all her feathers from her breast to the champagne drinking chicken eating relations so the ci not only bald on the head, but bare on the breast — what a repulsive object, when one comes to think of it — so let us change the subject)

I've been asked to write in the Times about my father for his Centenary. Shall I, or shall I not? Want assist

trying because he was such a very remarkable picture: but you want
it at once and I can't make it visible in only 500 words, so
I shall give up. I think: but at the moment my head is full of
him. One thing you would have liked - his extreme tenacity: also
under his partial, he was beautiful in the distinguished way a
Red Rose, Even an ugly Red Rose, is beautiful. And he had such a
strong neck & jut. Also he was a great climber. Also he was
Comfortably unworldly. Also he begot me: but then you prefer Ramsay.
I have been doing a lot of odds & ends - seeing nyts anybody who
chooses to knock at the window. The other day in walked the
T. S. Eliot - he's the front. & the poor saddled destroying woman,
takes drugs. On a wild wet day the Dances in white satin, is
Ends ether from a dirty pocket handkerchief - also she has
whims & fancies all the time - some amorous, some pornographic.
Meanwhile he sits there, at times an a bank clerk, making
Egypt, but rather laboured conversation - for instance about his meta car.
But a pity never seen him a Red King this means less than
nothing to you. But I add that you had Mancia Banny, not
Tom Eliot? Where's your rudimentary sense of higher literature
Eliot? I would give all the M.B. Cohens wot work for one of
Tom's least: most brittle flowers. Do there. Never tell me we are
twin souls, cast ~~cast~~ gone mould, as identically the same plaster gam-
Oh I'm so fascinated by the Empress & her mother: did she has
talk to you about Mérimée! about Stendhal? To think that the
knew them both, & that you knew her! If you're one Duty, then:
side of the grave, this to go on memoir-altering - not me: but
all these disappearing Kings & Queens. Then there have been any
number of odd adventures at the Hogarth Ren: unrepeatable now:
then I've been racing & lost £2/6: then I want to buy a house in
Sussex: then Colefax was coming & shut me off, & now puts me on,
& I want her shut on & off: all because of Pena Jonebody. & so
tell her on the telephone: then - but Lord it & I've forgotten to
put on her in the pram. Never tell me we are
twin souls, cast gone mould, as identically the same plaster gam-
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This is only a ~~mere~~ weld beddes &
unmeditated affection.

V.

Sunday 11 Sep 1932

Yes I'm a mole – Look at my work – today Nessa & the children: tomorrow Vita comes & with Ray over Tuesday afternoon: Wednesday I've got to go over & see dear Ally Lucil – it might be be London. I don't think, knowing my own movements, I can talk to you with happiness in the intervals of this hubbub. – no I don't think it would be worth your while. But Lulu? in London? here? I'm racing to catch the post so have this question standing. And I can't think of what's in my head: & the Dog barks: & Punka stole the ham – can one get a ham & locked by a dog? is it hydrophobic? You were right about Lehmann's mouth by the way – quite right

And so farewell

V.

Monks House, Rodmell

Thursday 15 Sep 1932

I have the Hell of a weekend – two people staying here, one at his own invitation in order to distract his soul – a shallow mind, but full of stores, so he says. Therefore what the good of your putting yourself in a train? God knows. We go up to London on Tuesday – after that? – but we shall be back for good on the 1st: however as you know. I'm incapable of making a plan. The funerals dangle must. Buckle to & do that. Oh I'm so shattered! – no, back to the Dons.

at harvesting, the result of the most divinely lovely walk through stubble this afternoon. I found the loneliest of valleys, with yellow sheep clustering on the sides, hares leaping from my feet, & great horses slowly dragging waggons like shaggy Nyppi sea monsters - but corn was ~~[illegible]~~ drifting wildly as sea weed. Oh how happily content calm sunned amorous peaceful I was - in a Biblical frame of mind. My word, when one shuts off the cities, this Land is the fairest far in all Arabia. The Mémoire book is 2 Quarto vols: Letter to Cte de Montijo: I start from the Land Library: he is a marvellous sharp clear minded man, with an edge to him: & I accumulate, reading largely, letters bent about that life - time which I let into my Journal rein rather happily. And I like them gradually - letters began in 1846 or so - afterwards. Jane Eupheus. Then still unmarried. What she think of her mother?

V.

(7.C. Ballet) Wednesday 28 Sep 1932

Here's the synopsis. It ought to include
everything in the whole world – how fascinating
to have a little theme like that
includes the whole world. But I can't,
at the moment, pretend to deal with it
as you or Pan or anything, owing to the
curse that is on me of packing & tidying
up. Sunday last Mrs (a woman has not
one hair which like I think I've lost it)
& I trying vainly to work the 30 letters I ought
to have written in the last 10 days. Do
forgive – you enjoyed the other day – to[illegible]
Day? Why? Ah I can't say
V.

52 T.S. Oct 7. 1932

Mandy.

Well that's fun. I enjoyed your letter immensely – about Ly Betty & the hidden pictures. Yes – that's your line – writing letters to amuse me. I'm very glad you can ~~[illegible]~~ exaggerated report – I've been so worried by furious conferences ringing up. I told her to pitch my claim rather high. But I'm better – only it's walk or get over hot or merry – here Hobby back. Just glanced at mail me war with laughter – that set my pulse off – if I laugh too much? Yet whatever it is – deranged action – symbolic something – it's nothing serious at all. I lie down between tea, dinner, & take cabs; & thank the Lord, must avoid hot rooms & parties. But I write every morning; & I'm enjoying my waking, word by word.